

# Society to Steel Expert One Girl's Leap

BEGAN IN DIRT AND SMOKE OF MILLS

Now Florence Spendiff Manages New York Office of Big Concern, and Sails for Paris to Study French Methods and Pretty Gowns.

By Fay Stevenson.

“THERE is no reason in the world why women shouldn't be interested in coal, iron or steel industries and make their little pile just as well as men. None with the exception that a woman must begin just like a man. She must go in like the raw youth just out of school and learn the business from the ground up. She must work in the mills, in the warehouses, get right in the noise and dirt of it all, get out on the road as a saleswoman and then sit back and direct others.”

This is what Miss Florence B. Spendiff, one of the few young women in the steel industry, who has achieved prominence as an authority on high speed steels and frequently called “The Steel Princess,” told me as we sat in the Hotel Claridge and talked about this comparatively new field for women.

Although Miss Spendiff is only twenty-six years old and objects to the title of “Steel Princess,” she has worked her way up in the steel industry with as much skill and self-made energy as a youth. She is manager of the New York office for the Le Moyne Steel Company at No. 35 West 43d Street, and Saturday sailed on the steamship Aquitania for France to study the steel conditions there.

“But do you think the average young woman is willing to go into the foundries and the mills?” I asked Miss Spendiff. “Do you think she is willing to stand the soot and smudge of it?”

“If she isn't, there is no ray of hope for her,” she laughed. “To me all that was an experience, a wonderful one! And yet, I think, I still cling to my feminine ways. I love dancing. I love beautiful evening gowns, and now that I am going to France for the first time I am looking forward to seeing Paris gowns and hats just as much as I am French steel industries. If I didn't remain that feminine I should be worried!”

But Miss Spendiff is feminine right from her soft curly hair to her dainty high-heeled pumps. And yet she believes in the business woman keeping two wardrobes—one for business and the other for evening. When I talked with her she wore a tight-fitting blue serge tailored suit, a white silk waist with a collar which extended to her ears and was upheld by a high band of black ribbon. A tan velvet sport hat tipped to just the right angle gave another touch to her business make-up. Over her arm hung a raccoon coat, which she slipped over her tailored suit before going out on the street.

“I have heard that you were an Albany girl and immensely fond of society. What caused you to break

**\$25,000 A YEAR WOMEN**  
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FANNIE HURST.



FANNIE HURST is among the American women who make \$25,000 or more per year. The work of her pen probably brings her several times that sum. Her story, “Just Around the Corner,” published in 1914, was her first memorable success, and since that time she has written novels, plays and numerous short stories for magazines. She has studied the life of the shopgirl by obtaining a position in a department store, and on one occasion she crossed the Atlantic in the steerage to get material for a novel. Her studio is in Carnegie Hall and she lives at No. 15 West 59th Street.

## GLIMPSES INTO NEW YORK SHOPS.

GINNAMS are being purchased in large quantities for Palm Beach wear. In one shop the display of blouses in blue and white checked gingham trimmed with rick-rack braid is receiving deserved attention.

Brussels to be worn above the elbow are being shown and the saleswomen tell us they will be very fashionable this spring. The dog collar is also being featured as one of the season's smart fads.

Dark blue duvetyne coats trimmed with white kid are one of the offerings for Southern wear and they look very smart with the white Canton crepe sport skirts.

Women prefer the all-over cut steel heel which can be slipped on and fastened to the heel because it is so easily applied and the original heel on the shoe need not be removed.

The possibility of ostrich seems limitless. Now we have the ostrich feather comb, which is an attractive hair ornament. The tiny feathers are mounted on jeweled holders and spread out just like the popular Spanish comb.

## Can You Beat It!

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## By Maurice Ketten

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## “Jazziest Africa” Now—And Links No Longer Missing!

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ALL the shivery stories told in novels about the savage life that seethes on the African West Coast are tame in comparison with the tales brought back from there by the British freighter Jobba, which is now discharging a cargo of mahogany logs in South Brooklyn. It is a land of deadly fevers, ferocious savages and heathenish practices. The deadliest of the fevers is that of jazz music, according to the skipper, Capt. Thomas Spence. The ferocious savages wear London and New York shoes (excepting on hot days, when no linen collar can be lofty). And the heathenish practices include that of golf. There are also weird incantations of the sort that bad golfers always use, only they sound worse in the native tongue—and the outlaws are really worse because the playing is worse.

There is a nine-hole course at Calabar in Southern Nigeria, and it is more popular than Central Park. If you take the word of the skipper for it. And all along the coast there are other courses, paid for out of the profits of the late war. The responsible factor for the modernization of the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone and Ivory Coasts was the era of prosperity that descended upon that section of the world during the great war. The natives obtained undreamed of prices for their products, scores of fortunes were made and, as a consequence, the prosperous descendants of Ham began to aspire and the end of the aspiring is not in sight. The more prosperous natives have built big houses with all the luxuries of the West, and one of the Jobba's officers said one of the Jebba's officers “They have purchased mechanical piano-players, talking machines and all sorts of modern innovations, and when the black darkness has fallen over the land the latest hits from Piccadilly and Broadway lighten the hearts of the populace and set the folk to dancing the one-step, the tango and steps of their own creation that would set London music halls a-gossiping.”

The affluent natives have taken to European garb and they are as studious in their selection of cutaway coats, breeches, vests and top hats as any Beau Brummell of Fifth Avenue. “While we were lying in Opoha, up the Opoha River in Southern Nigeria,” said Capt. Spence, “King Jaja, who has ruled for many years, decided to abdicate in favor of his favorite son, and for an entire week the natives did nothing but give themselves over to celebration. To the grand palayer came 150 war canoes suitably decorated for the occasion. These war canoes had twenty paddlers to a side and beat the devil's tattoo on their drums and the jubilation of the warriors as they paddled toward Opoha made the wild beasts of the jungle scurry for cover. “The King and his wives and the tribesfolk journeyed at an island in the river and for a week the husky handmen blew jazz music upon their horns and beat the devil's tattoo on their drums. The King gave orders that no work was to be per-

## ETIQUETTE

BY NEAL R. O'HARA

A Cotillon Leader May Look Like a Blank, but He Sure Knows a Lot of Rules—But Six Feet of Earth Make All Men Equal When They Get Down in the Subway.

ETIQUETTE consists of using only the correct fork for eating your piece of eating corn on the cob so one can hear a pin drop, and never sweating your hostess on the back, no matter how good a story she tells. Many a social climber has looked like a porch climber for not observing the Chesterfield dope.

Back in the rough and tumble age the genteel stuff was not so complicated. In them days no perfect gent would strike a lady unless she was his wife. To-day you can nourish the needy and nurse the sick, and pull off other charity capers, but if you go to a wedding with a pink and green tie the Book of Etiquette makes you a bum.

A cotillon leader may look like a blank, but he sure knows a lot of rules. There is only one way to swallow a sherbet, and he knows it. There is only one way to pick up a fan, and he knows it. There is only one way to squeeze lemon in your tea, and he knows it. And there is only one way to grab a seat in the subway, and he knows that one too.

Six feet of earth make all men equal when they get down in the subway. A guy that would break his back bowing to a debutante at a de luxe



ball would also break his arm jostling a stenographer out of a subway seat. Yea, buddy. Many a subway fullback wears an opera hat at night.

Every game has its rules, no matter how queer they seem. In a poker game, according to Hoyle, it's wrong for an ace to be up your sleeve. But in the social game, according to Chesterfield, your sleeve is the place to slip your pink silk handkerchief. It's hard for the beginner to understand, but a guy that would get on the blacklist for not carrying his sneeze cloth up his sleeve would get on the dangerous list if they found him with axes in that location. It's problems like those that make etiquette intricate.

A dapper chap that chirps “Ladies first!” at a social spread is a guy that always has his seat picked out when it's time to lower the lifeboats. “Ladies first!” is the parlor snake's maxim when the guests line up for the handout. But “safety first!” is that bimbo's idea when the old ship plays tag with an iceberg.

Some folks seem to think the rules of etiquette were what Moses got on Mount Sinai that time. They figure you can't slip by the Pearly Gates after 6 P. M. unless you're equipped with a dress suit. But the la-dee-da bunch is kidding itself.

There are plenty of guys who chew tobacco that will some day be twanging harps. There are plenty of guys drinking tea from saucers that have wings waiting for 'em at St. Peter's quartermaster tent. If Lord Chesterfield and Sir Walter Raleigh are up there, they didn't get in on their etiquette, you can bet. And if you go to heaven in an elevator, you don't have to remove your hat!

## THE JARR FAMILY

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“I HAVEN'T a cent this morning, could you let me have two dollars for car fare?” asked Mr. Jarr. “I'll be glad to,” said Mrs. Jarr. “That is he asked it with seeming carelessness, but he knew it was a critical moment.” “What do you do with all your money?” How do you expect me to have two dollars?” was the reply. “I thought I had some change,” faltered Mr. Jarr. “But I must have given it to you or the children, or something.” “Careless doesn't cost two dollars, even if they are trying to raise the rate,” remarked Mrs. Jarr. “You had a lot of money last week; what did you do with it?” “Had to pay my insurance,” muttered Mr. Jarr. “Then I had to give the boss's wife two dollars for her feed the Hungry Children of Europe fund.”

“You might have kept the money for the purpose of feeding your own hungry children,” Mrs. Jarr remarked boldly.

“Well, how could I get out of giving the boss's wife two dollars when everybody else in the office had to kick in?” asked Mr. Jarr. “But it was my insurance that took most of my money, I tell you.”

“You are very extravagant with your insurance; it never seems to be paid for,” remarked Mrs. Jarr. “And you find fault with me if I buy anything on the installment plan. Yet that is the only way I can afford to buy a lot of things I need for the house.”

“Well, that's the way one pays insurance. One has to pay for it that way until one dies, unless it's twenty year payment,” said Mr. Jarr sadly.

“Now don't talk about dying, it gives me the creeps. And yet that is always the way you talk about your insurance!” whimpered Mrs. Jarr.

“One has to die to win, it's almost like trying to get car fare out of you, dearie,” replied Mr. Jarr. “Anyway, it will be a nice dinner for you—my insurance—when you marry again.”

Here Mrs. Jarr began to snifle. “You always say that, you only say it to hurt my feelings. You'd marry again if I were to die, and I wouldn't marry again if you were to die, and

Why the Horse Has Only One Toe

HUNTING fossil animals is one of the most fascinating sports, says Elmer Mills in his new book, “Waiting in the Wilderness,” in which he tells some of the queer things he has learned about fossil horses.

The oldest discovered fossil of the horse belongs to the Eocene epoch, perhaps four million years ago. He is known as Eohippus or dawn horse. At that time he was not more than a foot high, and had four toes and a rudimentary fifth one on each foot. By the following epoch, the Oligocene, he had grown to the height of two feet and had reduced the number of toes to three. During the next epoch, the Miocene, the Great Plains region of the West was uplifted and became a vast, grassy prairie. The horse, evidently benefited by grass, changed and developed rapidly. His legs lengthened, he at last came to his middle finger-hall—one toe.